THE BEST OF BRITISH COMICS—IT'S

TERRIFIC

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A POWER COMIC

No.36 EVERY MONDAY 9d

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NOT ANYTHING LIKE THAT, JAN! I'VE CREATED A NEW WEAPON FOR YOU!
HOW ROMANTIC! THERE'S A MOON OUTSIDE... SOFT BREEZES AND THE SCENT OF HONEYSUCKLE IN THE AIR! AND WHAT DO YOU HAVE FOR ME?? A WEAPON!!

OH, WELL... I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR TEAMING UP WITH A HANDSOME, BLUE-EYED ADVENTURER INSTEAD OF DATING CARY GRANT!
JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE THIS WEAPON, LITTLE FRIEND! I'D LIKE TO SEE CARY GRANT DREAM UP A DEVICE LIKE THIS!
I'D LIKE TO SEE CARY GRANT.. PERIOD!

LOOK, HONEY... FOR MONTHS YOU'VE HAD ONLY YOUR SMALL SIZE TO HELP YOU IN ANY TIGHT SPOT! WELL, NOW YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE SOMETHING ELSE TO USE IN A PINCH!

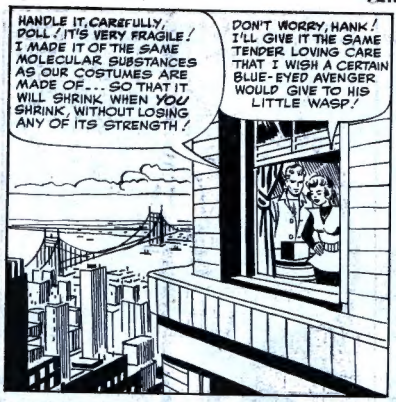
WHO NEEDS THAT? NOBODY GOES AROUND PINCHING WASPS!
BE SERIOUS, JAN! THIS IS A HIGHLY POTENT COMPRESSED AIR GUN!

NOW STRAP IT TO YOUR ARM:... MAKE SURE IT FITS REAL SNUG, BECAUSE ANY LOOSENESS WILL AFFECT YOUR AIM!
I HOPE NOBODY SAYS: "DIG THE CRAZY CHARM BRACELET!"

NOW PUT YOUR FINGER THROUGH THAT LITTLE RING... THAT'S IT! OKAY, AIM IT AT A TARGET, HONEY! STEADY, NOW!
I GET IT, BIG DADDY! ALL I DO IS BEND MY FINGER TO PULL THE CORD WHICH THE RING IS ATTACHED TO, EH?

RIGHT! IT WILL FIRE ONE CONTINUOUS BURST OF COMPRESSED AIR, OR SHORT SUDDEN ONES, DEPENDING ON HOW LONG YOU HOLD YOUR FINGER DOWN!

AND NOTICE HOW POWERFUL THE BURSTS ARE!
MY, MY! IT'S SOMETHING NO BACHELOR GIRL SHOULD EVER BE WITHOUT!


HANDLE IT, CAREFULLY, DOLL! IT'S VERY FRAGILE! I MADE IT OF THE SAME MOLECULAR SUBSTANCES AS OUR COSTUMES ARE MADE OF... SO THAT IT WILL SHRINK WHEN YOU SHRINK, WITHOUT LOSING ANY OF ITS STRENGTH!
DON'T WORRY, HANK! I'LL GIVE IT THE SAME TENDER LOVING CARE THAT I WISH A CERTAIN BLUE-EYED AVENGER WOULD GIVE TO HIS LITTLE WASP!

BUT, PERHAPS THE WASP WOULD NOT BE QUITE SO FLIPPANT IF SHE KNEW OF THE DEVIOUS SCHEME BEING FORMULATED IN THE BRAIN OF ONE OF GIANT-MAN'S MOST DANGEROUS ENEMIES... THE BRILLIANT, EVIL EGG-HEAD!
I'VE REMAINED IN HIDING LONG ENOUGH! GIANT-MAN HAS PROBABLY FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT ME BY NOW!
WHICH MEANS... THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO STRIKE!

FOR MONTHS I HAVE WORKED ON MY OWN ELECTRONIC IMPULSE COMMUNICATOR THROUGH WHICH I CAN COMMUNICATE WITH THE ANTS ALMOST AS WELL AS HE CAN!*
EGGHEAD TANGLED WITH HANK BACK IN HIS ANT MAN DAYS... ED-HEAD!

I'VE SET UP MY OWN "RECEIVING STATION" ON A NEARBY ANT-HILL! AND NOW FOR MY PLAN!
I'LL BROADCAST A FALSE REPORT TO THE ANTS... WHICH THEY ARE SURE TO TRANSMIT TO MY ARCH-ENEMY! HE WON'T SUSPECT THE REPORT IS A TRAP... HE'LL BELIEVE HIS ANTS!

AND SO, THE EVIL GENIUS SETS THE STAGE FOR HIS MASTER PLAN! WHILE BACK AT GIANT MAN'S LAB, A SHORT TIME LATER...
QUIET, JAN! AN EMERGENCY ALARM IS COMING IN FROM MY ANT SCOUTS! ALTHOUGH... IT'S SOMETHING I'D NEVER HAVE SUSPECTED! IT'S ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE!
URGENT!! SPIDER-MAN HAS BEEN SIGHTED SEARCHING FOR OUR MASTER! HE INTENDS TO ATTACK AND DEFEAT GIANT-MAN!!

THEN, AFTER RELAYING THE STARTLING REPORT TO HIS PARTNER IN PERIL, HENRY PYM PREPARES FOR IMMEDIATE ACTION!!
NO TIME TO LOSE, JAN! TAKE A SHRINKING CAPSULE FAST, AND SEARCH THE CITY AS THE WASP! SOON AS YOU FIND SPIDER-MAN, REPORT BACK TO ME!
BUT DON'T TRY TO TACKLE HIM YOURSELF, HEAR?
ROGER, BOSS! I'M ON MY WAY!

USING THE ARTIFICIAL ANTENNAE WHICH APPEAR WITH HER WINGS WHEN SHE BECOMES WASP-SIZE, THE FABULOUS FLYING FEMALE KEEPS IN CLOSE TOUCH WITH GIANT MAN...
STILL NO SIGN OF HIM, HANK!
KEEP SEARCHING, WASP! AND REMEMBER, NO HEROICS! WHEN YOU FIND HIM, I'LL TAKE OVER!
BUT I'M DYING TO USE MY NEW WASP'S "STING"!
SECONDS LATER...
THERE HE IS! I'VE FOUND HIM!
HE SWINGS FROM ROOF-TOP TO ROOF-TOP LIKE A SILENT, SINISTER GHOST! HE MAY BE SAFELY GONE BEFORE GIANT-MAN CAN REACH THE SPOT!
I'VE GOT TO SLOW HIM DOWN SOME-HOW! EVEN I CAN'T KEEP UP WITH HIM!
THIS IS THE ONLY WAY!
OH, NO! IN MY EAGERNESS, I MADE THE AIR BLAST TOO STRONG! I'VE CAUGHT HIM BY SURPRISE... MADE HIM LOSE HIS BALANCE!!

BUT, THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN HAS THE LIGHTNING-FAST REFLEXES OF THE POWERFUL CREATURE AFTER WHICH HE IS NAMED...
SOMETHING HIT ME... SENT ME TOPPLING! AN UNSEEN ENEMY! BUT, I'LL STRIKE BACK LATER--- FIRST I'VE GOT TO SAVE MYSELF!

WHOEVER IS RESPONSIBLE WILL LEARN THAT IT TAKES MORE THAN A SNEAK ATTACK TO DEFEAT SPIDER-MAN!!

I'LL SHOOT OUT MY WEB-STRANDS WHILE I'M FALLING... AND, IF I'VE AIMED THEM CORRECTLY...

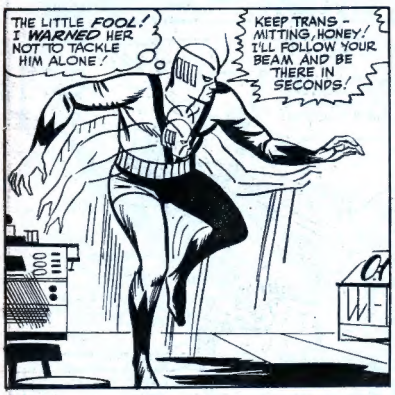
...THEY'LL WRAP THEMSELVES AROUND THAT IRON LAMP POST.. LIKE THIS!

AND NOW... I'LL FIND OUT WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR ATTACKING ME.. AND MAKE HIM WISH HE'D NEVER HEARD OF SPIDER-MAN!

THEN, THE MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURER USES HIS AMAZING "SPIDER-SENSE"...ONLY TO FIND...
THANK HEAVENS HE SAVED HIMSELF!
MY SPIDER-SENSE IS RECEIVING A TINY, ALMOST INVISIBLE IMPRESSION! I'M BEING ATTACKED BY SOMETHING THE SIZE OF AN INSECT!

HE'S SHOOTING OUT THAT WEB OF HIS...IN MY DIRECTION!

HANK!! I'M TRAPPED! HE CAUGHT ME IN HIS WEB!


THE LITTLE FOOL! I WARNED HER NOT TO TACKLE HIM ALONE!
KEEP TRANS-MITTING, HONEY! I'LL FOLLOW YOUR BEAM AND BE THERE IN SECONDS!

INSTANTLY BECOMING GIANT-MAN, THE DOUBLE-SIZED HANK HURLS HIMSELF FROM HIS WINDOW, SEIZING THE SPECIALLY-BUILT TENSION-RING WHICH HANGS OUTSIDE...
LUCKILY, THEY'RE ONLY A FEW BLOCKS FROM HERE...THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY TO GET THERE!
IF HE'S HARMED A HAIR OF HER HEAD; HE'LL PAY FOR IT...NO MATTER HOW POWERFUL HE IS!

RELEASE HER, SPIDER-MAN! LET'S SEE HOW BRAVE YOU ARE AGAINST SOMEONE LIKE ME!!
GIANT-MAN!! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, BUT IF IT'S A FIGHT YOU WANT, YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT GUY!

MEANTIME, WATCHING THE ENTIRE SCENE THROUGH A CYBERNETICALLY-ACTIVATED VIEWER, WE FIND...
THE TWO OF THEM ARE SURE TO DESTROY EACH OTHER ...NEVER DREAMING THAT I'M THE REAL ENEMY!

TRIUMPHANTLY, THE MAN CALLED EGG-HEAD ADDRESSES AN ASSORTMENT OF UNDERWORLD CHARACTERS WHOM HE HAS ASSEMBLED IN HIS HIDDEN LAB..
NOW FOR PHASE TWO OF MY PLAN! WHILE GIANT-MAN IS OCCUPIED WITH HIS WEB-SLINGING ENEMY, WE HAVE THINGS TO DO!
YOU'VE SURE GOT EVERY-THING FIGURED OUT TO A "T", BOSS!

NATURALLY! NOW I WANT YOU BOYS TO TAKE THE STATIONS I ASSIGNED YOU TO WHILE I CALL THE POLICE!! WE'RE GONNA PULL THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY... WITH GIANT-MAN'S HELP!!
EGGHEAD, YOU'RE A GENIUS!

HELLO, POLICE HEADQUARTERS! I'M A PUBLIC SPIRITED CITIZEN AND I WANT TO REPORT A DANGEROUS FIGHT! SPIDER-MAN AND GIANT-MAN ARE BATTLING IN THE STREET...

YOU'D BETTER SEND A RIOT SQUAD OVER BEFORE SOME INNOCENT BYSTANDERS GET HURT! IT'S SHAMEFUL THE WAY THOSE MASKED MENACES THINK THEY CAN DO WHAT THEY PLEASE IN OUR CITY!

MEANTIME...
BIG AS YOU ARE, GIANT-MAN, I'LL BOWL YOU OVER, LIKE A TEN-PIN!

MISSED HIM! BUT HOW...??
HE'S FAST! BUT SO LONG AS I CAN KEEP CHANGING SIZE IN TIME, I'LL GET HIM, SOONER OR LATER!

HE'S ATTACKING AGAIN! NOW TO ENLARGE QUICKLY, AND GRAB HIM...!
UH-OH! THE POLICE ARE HERE!
SURROUND THEM, MEN! THEN CLOSE IN...ON THE DOUBLE!
POLICE

SPIDER-MAN IS TRICKY...HE'S FASTER THAN MY DOUBLE-SIZED DREAM-BOAT! BUT MAYBE THE WASP CAN SLOW HIM DOWN!

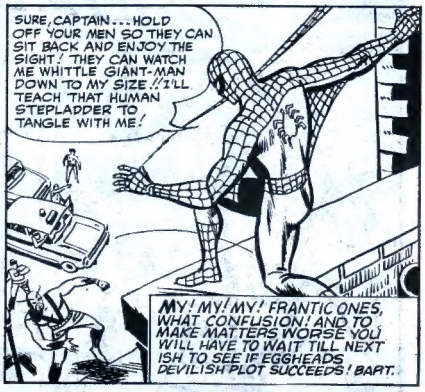
BULL'S EYE! GOOD OLD HANK! HIS "WASP'S STING" INVENTION REALLY WORKS!!

EASY, BOYS! NO SHOOTING UNLESS YOU HAVE TO!
DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO CATCH YOU BY GRABBING YOUR WEB, DID YOU?

CORRECTION, HIGH-POCKETS! YOU DIDN'T GRAB ME!...I'VE GOT YOU...TANGLED IN MY WEB!!

I WOULDN'T BET ON IT!!
HECK! HE FLEXED THOSE OVERSIZED MUSCLES OF HIS BEFORE MY WEBBING COULD HARDEN ENOUGH TO HOLD HIM!

CAPTAIN! KEEP YOUR MEN BACK! I'LL GET SPIDER-MAN FOR YOU! ...WITHOUT ANYONE GETTING HURT!
HE SWUNG BACK TO THE ROOF!


SURE, CAPTAIN...HOLD OFF YOUR MEN SO THEY CAN SIT BACK AND ENJOY THE SIGHT! THEY CAN WATCH ME WHITTLE GIANT-MAN DOWN TO MY SIZE! I'LL TEACH THAT HUMAN STEPLADDER TO TANGLE WITH ME!
MY! MY! MY! FRANTIC ONES, WHAT CONFUSION! AND TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE YOU WILL HAVE TO WAIT TILL NEXT ISH TO SEE IF EGGHEADS DEVILISH PLOT SUCCEEDS! BART.

FOR YOU this Xmas!

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MAKE SURE OF YOURS NOW!

FROM ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSELLERS

TERRIFIC NEWS!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:— *TERRIFIC* 64, LONG ACRE LONDON, W.C.2

Dear Alf and Bart,
I might be writing in green ink, but I'm not green ! Little me has spotted a boob—on the front cover of ish 28 of TERRIFIC the SWORDSMAN had two swords. BUT inside he only had one ! Where was the other, did he leave it at home ? The Avengers are my favourites, Cap. America is the best ! TERRIFIC is a great comic, keep up the good work.
Ian Nash,
London, N.18.
(Chest 22 in.—In case !)

In case we want someone to climb through the keyhole ?? Is that what you meant, Ian ? You're right about the Swordsman's sword(s) in that ish—but if you look carefully you'll see that he does wear a dagger *in the inside pages. So it looks as if the artist was just* exaggerating *a tiny bit when he inked the pin-up. And* exaggerating *just happens to be something we do quite a lot of up here ! Right ?*
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I agree with Dianne Jones in TERRIFIC 27 I think Gareth Roberts is a nut ! And I should know . . . he's my brother ! I also agree that Don Starr is great ! ! Altogether I have 154 of you-know-who's mags (not Brand X) and I love every one of them ! Pleeeze could you print a pin-up of the Silver Surfer—I think he's the best character ever invented !
Yours Surfingly,
Graham Roberts.

The Silver Surfer is due to appear in a far distant F.F. drama, G.R., we might have a pin-up of him then—but we can't promise ! Meanwhile, You'll just have to make do with a pin-up of the Avengers on your chest ! Regards to the Nut !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Editor,
(Note the Brand X beginning.) In one (note—doesn't even know which issue) of your copies of terrific (note—small t) somebody (note doesn't even know other readers) wrote in to say that we should write typical Brand X letters. Well, here it is ! Today our pussy had a psykedelich (note ! can't even spell) freakout in our next-door neighbour's dustbin (ya don't say). And my young sister Jane shot my mother (note typical homicidal Brand X reader) with a sten gun (SHEESH). Also I broke tooth, which means that I've only got 2½ left.
Henry McTavish-Fitzwarren-Macfortisque-Smith. Well if you want a page full of tripe like that then I'll jump off of Land's End (Promise !).
Steve Betts,
St. Austell, Cornwall.

Cool it, Steve, we'll never publish a letter like this again !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
It was a tense dramatic scene as the Brand X men stormed into the garret wielding rolled Brand X's. Splatt ! Fhwump ! C-Er-ash ! ! You guys were taken by surprise ! In fact you were so exhausted by continuously telling us (your lovin' fans) how *exhausting* your work in the garret is that you couldn't even cry feebly, 'HELP ! ' to summon your legion of super heroes or your faithful fans. Biff ! Bump ! Bang ! The battle went on—a one sided affair it was too ! The Brand X men had trained on spinach and cod-liver oil—and they needn't have bothered ! The snoring, one-socked figure of Big Bart lay unconscious over a typewriter—the subhuman sub-editors were all away pawning the rings under their eyes ! Cos was yawning so wide that the attackers merely had to stick a stick of rock (on end) in his mouth to render him completely helpless ! Only Alf remained : he stood valiantly facing the Brand X mob, his eyes held open with match sticks ! There was only one way the fight could have ended !
But then, just at that moment, youthful, heroic, handsome, costumed, modest, wonderful ME flew dramatically through the window and put the intruders to flight ! It was nothing ! Don't mention it. Anything to oblige. You needn't send me a T-shirt if you're too sleepy to lick the stamps ! I was just passing.
Sweet dreams.
James Clark,
London.

Zzzzz !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart (not forgetting Cos). I am one of the many Doc Strange fans roving round near your garret. By the seven rings of Raggador I saw in ish 27 a letter saying that Dear old Doc should be mystically moved from your grrrrreat comic. By the Hairy Host of Hoggarth such rashness should be dealt with, IMMEDIATELY. My meditating Medium and I (with Doc's permission) are going to set the infidel L. Jenkins, adrift in the wide expansive cosmos to suffer the consequences. Doc is the greatest (excepting you, Alf and Bart) on this weedy world of weaklings (besides the Avengers). Keep up the Fantastic work—the rate is TERRIFIC. If you don't, POW ! WHAM ! SMASH ! —Bart will have to buy a new pair of socks !
Roy Lambe,
Tooting, London.

But I just bought a new pair, Roy, ready for Christmas Eve !
Bart.

Be a generous Santa for 10/6

Give your parents a Romac Steering Wheel Glove for the car. It will keep their hands comfortably warm when driving in the winter. 6 exciting colours.

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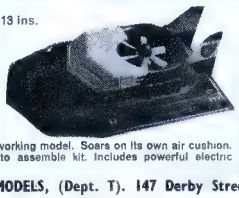
ROMAC
STEERING WHEEL GLOVE

THE FABULOUS NEW
EAGLE HOVERCRAFT

Length 13 ins.



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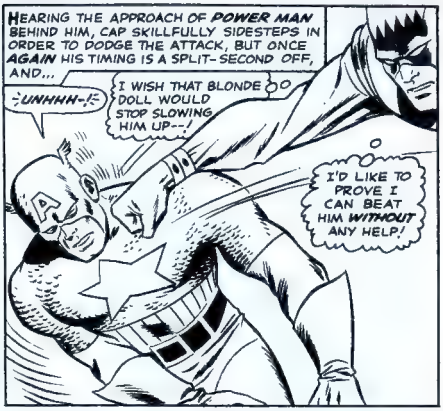
THE MIGHTY AVENGERS

The bitter taste of defeat part 3

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group.1965

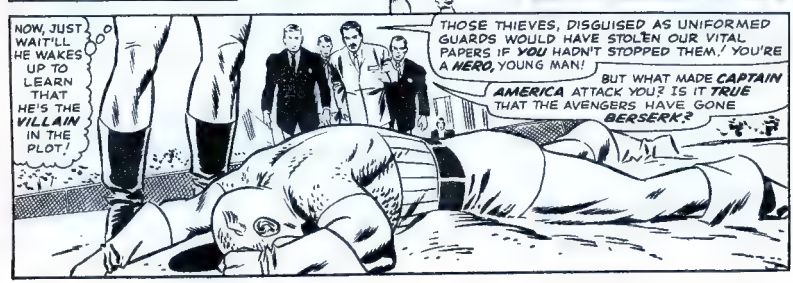
IT'S AS THOUGH SOMETHING IS SLOWING MY REFLEXES-- CAUSING MY TIMING TO BE OFF!
BUT, ONCE I HAVE MY SHIELD AGAIN--!
OH NO YOU DON'T--!


HEARING THE APPROACH OF POWER MAN BEHIND HIM, CAP SKILLFULLY SIDESTEPS IN ORDER TO DODGE THE ATTACK, BUT ONCE AGAIN HIS TIMING IS A SPLIT-SECOND OFF, AND...
-UNHHH-!-
I WISH THAT BLONDE DOLL WOULD STOP SLOWING HIM UP--!
I'D LIKE TO PROVE I CAN BEAT HIM WITHOUT ANY HELP!

-WHEW!- EVEN THOUGH I LANDED THE FIRST BLOW, I CAN'T KEEP HIM DOWN! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE IN SUCH PERFECT CONDITION!
AT LAST I REALIZE THE REASON FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA'S FAME! ALTHOUGH SLOWED DOWN AND CONFUSED BY MY SECRET SPELLS, HIS FIGHTING SPIRIT STILL DOES NOT WAVER!

BLAST IT! I'M STRONGER THAN YOU--HEAVIER THAN YOU! EVERYTHING'S IN MY FAVOUR! WHY WON'T YOU STAY DOWN?
ALL RIGHT, THEN--IF I HAVE TO DO IT THE HARD WAY--!
I STILL HAVEN'T LANDED A BLOW! WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?

THEN, FINALLY...
WOK
-UHHHH--!-


NOW, JUST WAIT'LL HE WAKES UP TO LEARN THAT HE'S THE VILLAIN IN THE PLOT!
THOSE THIEVES, DISGUISED AS UNIFORMED GUARDS WOULD HAVE STOLEN OUR VITAL PAPERS IF YOU HADN'T STOPPED THEM! YOU'RE A HERO, YOUNG MAN!
BUT WHAT MADE CAPTAIN AMERICA ATTACK YOU? IS IT TRUE THAT THE AVENGERS HAVE GONE BERSERK?

NEXT MORNING...
HEY, WINGHEAD, ARE YOU SURE THE "BAD GUYS" AREN'T PAYIN' YOU TO GIVE US AVENGERS A BAD NAME?
IT WAS ANOTHER TRICK! THEY MADE IT LOOK AS THOUGH POWER MAN ROBBED THOSE GUARDS--AND I FELL FOR IT!
HOW'D WE EVER WIN THE WAR, WITH YOU ON OUR SIDE?
CAPTAIN AMERICA REASON IN POWER MAN

SHUDDUP AND LISTEN, HAWKEYE! AT LEAST WE KNOW WHO THE ENEMY IS NOW! IT'S THE ONE WHO CALLS HIMSELF POWER MAN!
AND ALL THIS TIME I THOUGHT IT WAS SNOW WHITE!
I'M WARNING YOU, FELLA--DON'T PUSH ME TOO FAR!

STEVE, THE MAYOR IS ON THE PHONE! HE WANTS AN EXPLANATION FOR YOUR CONDUCT YESTERDAY!
WATCH WHAT YOU SAY TO 'IM! THE WAY YOUR LUCK'S BEEN GOING, HE'S LIABLE TO RUN US OUTTA TOWN!
HOLD ON, WANDA! I'LL TALK TO HIM!

A SHORT TIME LATER, TWO GLOATING FIGURES PEER THROUGH A WINDOW OF A RENTED MANSION...
I TOLD YOU THEY WOULD COME IF THE NEWSPAPERS MENTIONED THIS ADDRESS IN THEIR WRITE-UP!
BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE OF THEM!

NO MATTER! THE OTHERS ARE SURE TO BE ALONG LATER! NOW, GET READY...!
ACCORDIN' TO THE PAPERS, THIS IS WHERE POWER MAN IS SUPPOSED TO HANG OUT! HOW CAN A NOBODY LIKE HIM AFFORD A SHACK LIKE THIS?

NOBODY BEATS UP A FELLOW AVENGER WITHOUT ANSWERIN' TO HAWKEYE! NOT EVEN IF IT WAS ONLY CAPTAIN AMERICA!
C'MON, OPEN UP IN THERE!
WHUMP!

EVEN THOUGH I'M ALWAYS RIDIN' WING-HEAD, I'D STILL LIKE TO KNOW HOW POWER MAN BEAT HIM YESTERDAY!
I WOULDN'T TACKLE CAP MYSELF, UNLESS MY INSURANCE WAS ALL PAID UP!
NUTS! IT'S BLACK AS PITCH IN HERE!

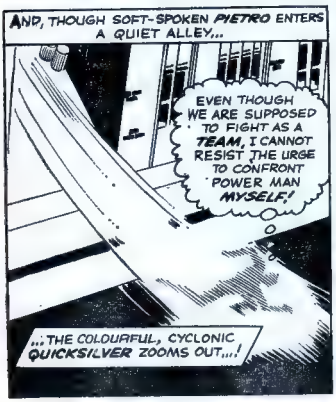
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, HAWKEYE! I CAN SEE YOU!
THOSE ARROWS WON'T HELP YOU AGAINST ME, SO I'LL JUST RELIEVE YOU OF THEM!
POWER MAN!
SNAP!

CRUTCH
-OOPS!- SORRY! HOW CLUMSY OF ME!
HE CRUSHED THEM LIKE THEY'RE NOTHIN'!

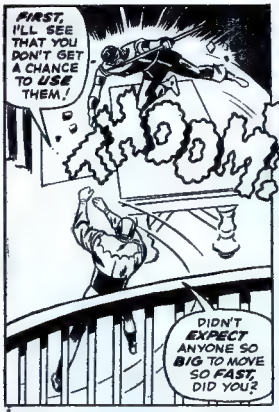
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, MISTER! SPECIALLY WHEN I WAS HOLDING AN EXTRA ONE ALL THE TIME!
AND THIS IS ALL I'LL NEED FOR YOU!
I WAS HOPING YOU'D TRY SOMETHING LIKE THAT! I DIDN'T WANT IT TO BE TOO EASY FOR ME! YOU'RE IN FOR QUITE A SURPRISE, AVENGER!

MEANWHILE, AS TWO ARRESTING FIGURES LEAVE A HIT MUSICAL SHOW. . .
WASN'T IT FABULOUS, PIETRO?
CAN'T LET CAP'S DEFEAT GO UNAVENGED! I'VE GOT TO VISIT POWER MAN!
YES, IT WAS GREAT, WANDA!

MIND IF I LEAVE YOU, NOW? I HAVE AN ERRAND TO ATTEND TO!
CERTAINLY, PIETRO! I'LL SEE YOU LATER!
THIS WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO INVESTIGATE POWER MAN!

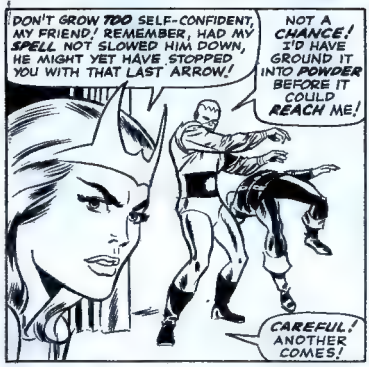

AND, THOUGH SOFT-SPOKEN PIETRO ENTERS A QUIET ALLEY...
EVEN THOUGH WE ARE SUPPOSED TO FIGHT AS A TEAM, I CANNOT RESIST THE URGE TO CONFRONT POWER MAN MYSELF!
...THE COLOURFUL, CYCLONIC QUICKSILVER ZOOMS OUT...!

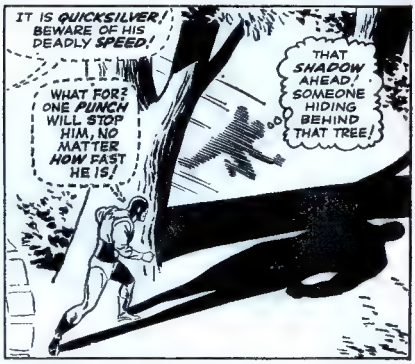
WHILE, NOT TOO VERY FAR AWAY...
NOW START TALKIN'! HOW DID YOU KNOW THOSE UNINFORMED MEN WERE REALLY CROOKS --UNLESS YOU WERE PART OF THE PLOT YOURSELF?
I CONGRATULATE YOU, HAWKEYE! THAT'S A VERY GOOD QUESTION!
IT'S A SHAME YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO HEAR THE ANSWER, BECAUSE I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHAT POWER MAN THINKS OF YOUR PUNY BOW AND ARROW!


FIRST, I'LL SEE THAT YOU DON'T GET A CHANCE TO USE THEM!
THOOM
DIDN'T EXPECT ANYONE SO BIG TO MOVE SO FAST, DID YOU?

WITH THE POWER THAT I POSSESS, THIS IS LIKE A FULL-GROWN ADULT FIGHTING AGAINST A KINDERGARTEN KID!
FLIP!

THE MIGHTY AVENGERS! WHAT A LAUGH! WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL BE ASHAMED TO SHOW YOUR FACES IN PUBLIC!
THAT IS, IF YOU'RE STILL ABLE TO!


DON'T GROW TOO SELF-CONFIDENT, MY FRIEND! REMEMBER, HAD MY SPELL NOT SLOWED HIM DOWN, HE MIGHT YET HAVE STOPPED YOU WITH THAT LAST ARROW!
NOT A CHANCE! I'D HAVE GROUND IT INTO POWDER BEFORE IT COULD REACH ME!
CAREFUL! ANOTHER COMES!


IT IS QUICKSILVER! BEWARE OF HIS DEADLY SPEED!
WHAT FOR? ONE PUNCH WILL STOP HIM, NO MATTER HOW FAST HE IS!
THAT SHADOW AHEAD! SOMEONE HIDING BEHIND THAT TREE!

HA! GOTCHA--
HUH?? WHERE IN BLAZES DID HE GO??
I WARNED YOU! YOUR PUNCH IS ONLY EFFECTIVE IF YOU CAN LAND IT!

DON'T LECTURE TO ME, LADY! WITH MY POWER, I CAN DO ANYTHING!
JUST WATCH THIS!
HE DROVE HIS ROCK-HARD FIST RIGHT INTO THE GROUND! WHY??
FOOOM!

QUICKSILVER'S SPEED IS *UNCANNY!* EVEN THOUGH MY *SPELL* IS SLOWING HIM DOWN, HE IS *STILL* TOO FAST FOR *POWER MAN* TO COPE WITH! HE CAN HARDLY EVEN BE *SEEN!*

NO MATTER *HOW* STRONG HE IS, IF I CAN JUST ENCIRCLE HIM WITH MY THIN NYLON CORD...

I *KNOW* YOU'RE RUNNING AROUND ME! I CAN FEEL THE *BREEZE!* BUT IT WON'T DO YOU ANY *GOOD*, QUICKSILVER!

THERE! I *FOUND* WHAT I WANT!

THE IRON *WATER PIPE!* NOW, USING ONLY A FRACTION OF MY FULL POWER...

I'LL RIP IT FROM THE GROUND, AND IT'LL BE "GOODBYE QUICKSILVER!"

GPLAT

UNABLE TO *STOP* IN TIME, THE METEORIC MUTANT RUNS HEADLONG INTO THE THUNDEROUS TORRENT, AND...

OHHH...!

THUD!

TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T HAVE *ME* AT YOUR SIDE WHEN YOU FOUGHT THE *OLD* AVENGERS, LADY! THINGS MIGHT HAVE BEEN A LOT *DIFFERENT!*

DON'T BE TOO *SURE* OF THAT!

REMEMBER, WE HAD *WONDER MAN* WITH US--AND HE WAS EVERY BIT YOUR EQUAL! YET, *STILL* THEY TRIUMPHED!*

ONLY BECAUSE *HE* DOUBLE-CROSSED YOU! BUT *I'M* STICKING, GORGEOUS! *NOTHING'LL* EVER BEAT *US!*

MINUTES LATER, ANOTHER FIGURE APPROACHES THE SCENE...

THIS IS THE PLACE! NOW TO SEE WHAT I CAN LEARN...!

STOP WHERE YOU ARE, MISS!

WE WANT TO *TALK* TO YOU!

WHO'S *THAT?*

*TERRIFIC 8, ANOTHER *POWER* CLASSIC!— ALF.

NO MAN ENJOYS THE TASTE OF DEFEAT! BUT, TO THE PROUD, IT CAN BE DOUBLY PAINFUL! NEXT ISSUE YOU WILL SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO THE MIGHTY WHO HAVE FALLEN! WE PROMISE YOU A TALE YOU WILL NEVER FORGET! AND, ALL WE ASK IN RETURN IS THAT YOU BE HERE WHEN WE MEET AGAIN! 'NUFF SAID!

ODD SPORTS

BOXING KANGAROOS!

Joseph and Clarence, two kangaroos each standing nearly six feet tall, always earned a profitable gate for their owner at Australian show grounds. For Joseph and Clarence were pugilists who battled many a hard-fought round in the ring!

Both the animals were very evenly matched and it was never certain which would win a bout, either on points or a knockout. A bout was generally decided on points.

The two champions fought with boxing gloves on their forefeet, and the contests took place in a regulation ring. Each kangaroo had his own corner and seconds and there was a referee to ensure a fair fight.

Each bout was of six five-minute rounds and the proceedings were conducted according to kangaroo Queensberry rules. For example, only blows struck with the gloved paws counted and biting and kicking were strictly barred.

On several occasions Joseph, who was inclined to bend the rules, was disqualified for persistently kicking his opponent with his hind feet. On the other hand, Clarence often got a public warning for butting and biting.

Clarence was the more crafty fighter and had a favourite trick that frequently trapped poor Joseph. He would lean back on his broad tail and drop his guard.

Whereupon Joseph, thinking that Clarence was getting groggy, would rush in lashing out with his gloves. Using his tail as a lever, Clarence then lunged forward and with a quick right and left to the nose would send the unfortunate Joseph staggering across the ring.

More often than not, Clarence would follow up with his famous right and send the tottering Joseph over the ropes.

Both kangaroos were trained to return to their corners when the bell rang the end of a round. It was very seldom indeed that they ignored the bell even in the heat of the fiercest fight.

SHOOTING AT THE PLATE

About thirty competitors entered for the plate-shooting contest organised by a Rumanian infantry regiment.

Each man had a rifle and five rounds of ammunition which he had to fire at an iron plate about two feet square propped up on end against a stick pushed into the ground.

The object of the exercise was not to hit the centre of the plate but to fire at one of the corners so that the plate toppled over. The five shots had to be got off as quickly as possible, and the prize, 48 hours' leave, went to the soldier who knocked over the plate in the least number of rounds.

The prize was won by a private who dislodged the plate with his first round at a range of 100 yards. The runner-up took three shots to knock over the target.

Baseball Cricket

The Committee of the M.C.C. would have collapsed with apoplexy had they witnessed a cricket match recently played in Bolivia.

At each end of the pitch was a single stump on which was balanced a bail. And instead of cricket bats, the batsmen had baseball bats. Bowling was orthodox enough, but the ball was anything but: it was a golf-ball!

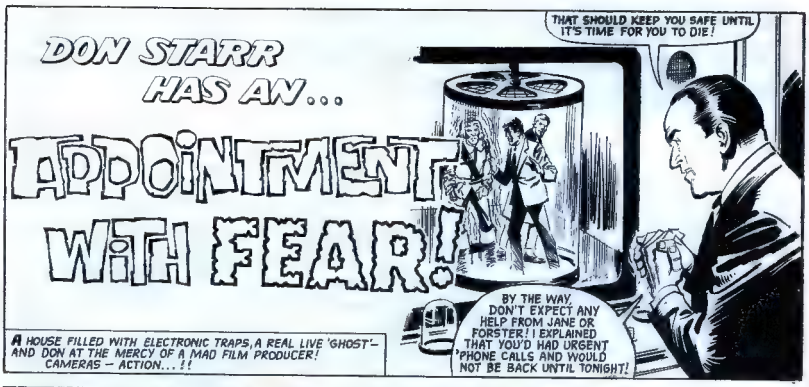
Instead of eleven players a side there were five. Because of the single stump and small ball, scoring was a matter of luck rather than skill. It took over an hour to knock up ten runs!

But when the ball was hit, the three fielders were kept extremely busy, not only was the ball difficult to see, it was painted green to match the grass and make things more difficult, but it travelled far and fast. However, to even matters up, no batsman was allowed more than four runs per hit, no matter how far his stroke sent the ball.

Things were not any easier for the bowler; he was bowling at a wicket painted green!

The match was of a single innings for each team and lasted for six hours with intervals for lunch and tea.

The side that batted first was all out for 24 runs, which took three and a half hours to make. The second eleven then went in and crashed to defeat in two hours being all out for five runs.


DON STARR HAS AN...
APPOINTMENT WITH FEAR!
A HOUSE FILLED WITH ELECTRONIC TRAPS, A REAL LIVE 'GHOST'– AND DON AT THE MERCY OF A MAD FILM PRODUCER! CAMERAS – ACTION...!!
THAT SHOULD KEEP YOU SAFE UNTIL IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO DIE!
BY THE WAY, DON'T EXPECT ANY HELP FROM JANE OR FORSTER!! EXPLAINED THAT YOU'D HAD URGENT 'PHONE CALLS AND WOULD NOT BE BACK UNTIL TONIGHT!

SOMEWHERE IN THE WALL IS A T.V. EYE WATCHING US. YOU KNOW WHERE IT IS, MASTERS, SO GET BETWEEN IT AND ME – AND GIVE ME YOUR SWORD!
I HOPE IT'S GOT AN INSULATED HANDLE!

THIS CAGE IS FIXED TO THE FLOOR BY ELECTRO-MAGNETISM. IF I CAN PIERCE THE CABLE WE COULD FUSE IT AND CUT THE CURRENT!

THEN, GRASPING THE PLASTIC, INSULATED HANDLE..
I HOPE THIS SWORD'S GOT A SHARP POINT! IF IT HASN'T FLAXMANN WILL TURN THE GAS ON AGAIN BEFORE I CAN TAKE A SECOND DIG!

THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH...!
GET OUT OF HERE FAST! MASTERS SHOW US WHERE FLAXMANN'S ROOM IS!

THEY RACE TO THE REMOTE CONTROL ROOM, BUT...
HE'S GONE! WE'VE MISSED HIM!
I'VE JUST REMEMBERED– THERE ARE TWO EXITS TO THIS ROOM!
AND I TOOK THE OTHER ONE! NOW I'M BACK IN THE MAIN CONTROL ROOM BEHIND STEEL DOORS SO DON'T TRY TO REACH ME! JUST CONCENTRATE ON ESCAPING– IF YOU CAN!
I WONDER HOW HE'S GOING TO STOP US?

AS THEY ENTER THE NEXT ROOM DON FINDS OUT...
AAGHH!
THE WALL'S COLLAPSING! LOOK OUT!

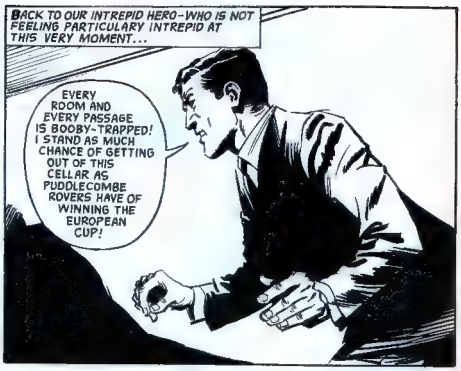
IS HE DEAD?
NO. JUST KNOCKED OUT! HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A SHORT WHILE! COME ON, WE'VE GOT TO REACH FLAXMANN BEFORE HE CAN TAKE ANTHER CRACK AT US!

BUT THAT IS EASIER SAID THAN DONE...
THAT'S RIGHT! JUST A FEW MORE PACES AND...

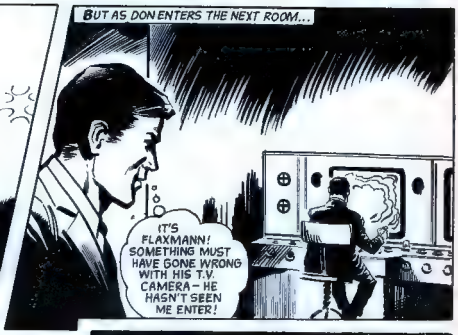
YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO REACH HIM, STARR, AND IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL YOU MIGHT FALL IN YOUR-SELF!
WHAT A PITY THIS ISN'T BEING FILMED, STARR- IT'S ALMOST AS DRAMATIC AS THE REAL FILM WILL BE!
YEAH! YOU'LL PROBABLY GET AN OSCAR- FOR THE BEST COMEDY OF THE YEAR!

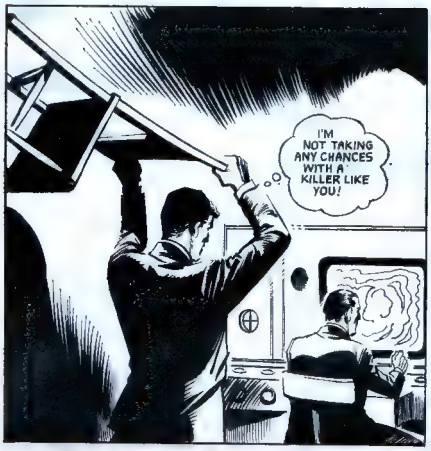
WHILE DON TAKES A BREATHER TO PLAN HIS NEXT COURSE OF ACTION, LET'S GO UPSTAIRS AND SEE WHAT JANE AND FORSTER ARE DOING...
I'M WORRIED! IT'S NOT LIKE PETER TO RUSH OFF WITHOUT EVEN LEAVING A MESSAGE!
IT'S BEEN PUZZLING ME, TOO! STARR'S CHIEF GAVE HIM SPECIAL PERMISSION TO INVESTIGATE THE HAUNTINGS, SO WHY SHOULD HE SUDDENLY BE RECALLED? I THINK I'LL CHECK!

THE PHONE IS DEAD!
BUT FLAXMANN SAID THEY'D RECEIVED PHONE MESSAGES!
THEN FLAXMANN HAS SOME EXPLAINING TO DO! LET'S FIND HIM!


BACK TO OUR INTREPID HERO—WHO IS NOT FEELING PARTICULARY INTREPID AT THIS VERY MOMENT...
EVERY ROOM AND EVERY PASSAGE IS BOOBY-TRAPPED! I STAND AS MUCH CHANCE OF GETTING OUT OF THIS CELLAR AS PUDDLECOMBE ROVERS HAVE OF WINNING THE EUROPEAN CUP!

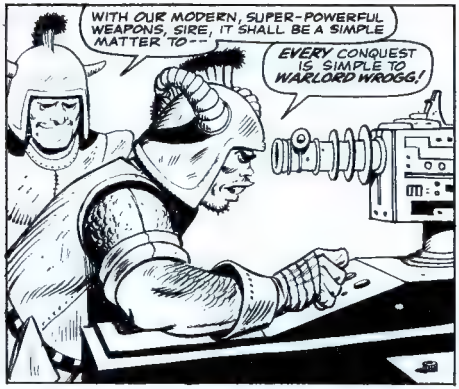
AN ELECTRIC EYE TRIGGERS OFF...
A CROSS-BOW BOLT! IF I'D BEEN STANDING UP-RIGHT THAT WOULD HAVE GONE STRAIGHT THROUGH MY CHEST!


BUT AS DON ENTERS THE NEXT ROOM...
IT'S FLAXMANN! SOMETHING MUST HAVE GONE WRONG WITH HIS T.V. CAMERA—HE HASN'T SEEN ME ENTER!

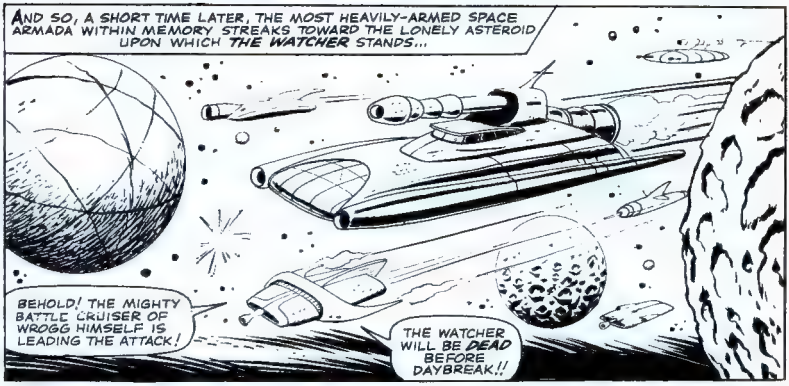

I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES WITH A KILLER LIKE YOU!

IT'S A BLASTED MIRROR PROJECTION!
QUITE RIGHT, STARR! I GOT THE IDEA FROM SOMETHING FORSTER TOLD ME ABOUT HIS OWN EXPERIMENTS. I ALSO BORROWED A FEW OTHER INGENIOUS IDEAS WHICH WILL INTRIGUE YOU—IF YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH!
YOU, TOO, WILL BE INTRIGUED NEXT WEEK—IF YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH!

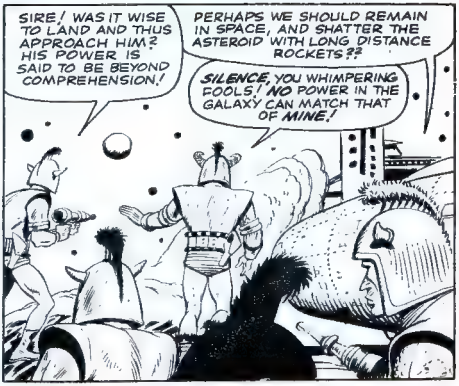
Tales of THE WATCHER
"THE WATCHER MUST DIE!"
IN A FAR DISTANT GALAXY, THE MOST MERCILESS WARLORD OF HIS TIME POINTS TO AN ELECTRO-IMAGE OF HIS NEXT INTENDED VICTIM!!!
WE'VE CONQUERED EVERY LIVING BEING IN SECTOR 14X!! ONLY THE WATCHER REMAINS!
--AND HE SHALL BE NEXT!
ONCE THE WATCHER IS DESTROYED, THIS ENTIRE GALAXY SHALL BE UNDER MY CONTROL! I, WARLORD WROGG, WILL BE SUPREME!
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1964


WITH OUR MODERN, SUPER-POWERFUL WEAPONS, SIRE, IT SHALL BE A SIMPLE MATTER TO--
EVERY CONQUEST IS SIMPLE TO WARLORD WROGG!

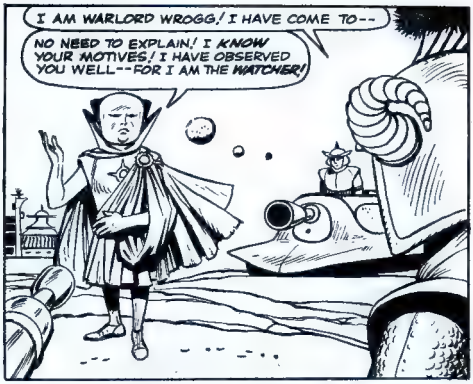
IT IS SAID THAT THE WATCHER IS POWERFUL! BAH! WHAT POWER CAN ONE LONE BEING MUSTER AGAINST THE MIGHT OF MY LEGIONS???

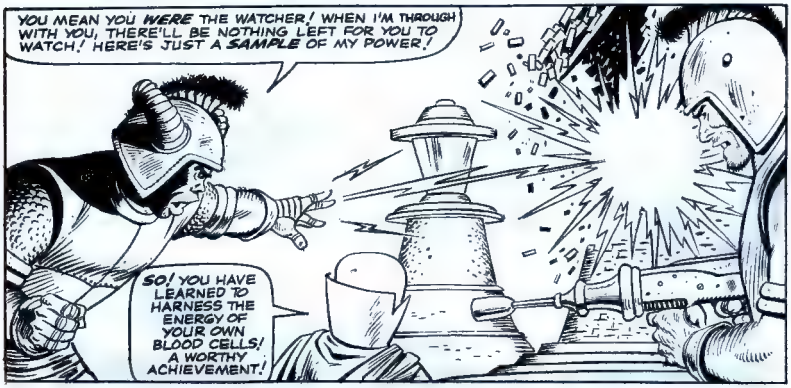

AND SO, A SHORT TIME LATER, THE MOST HEAVILY-ARMED SPACE ARMADA WITHIN MEMORY STREAKS TOWARD THE LONELY ASTEROID UPON WHICH THE WATCHER STANDS...
BEHOLD! THE MIGHTY BATTLE CRUISER OF WROGG HIMSELF IS LEADING THE ATTACK!
THE WATCHER WILL BE DEAD BEFORE DAYBREAK!!

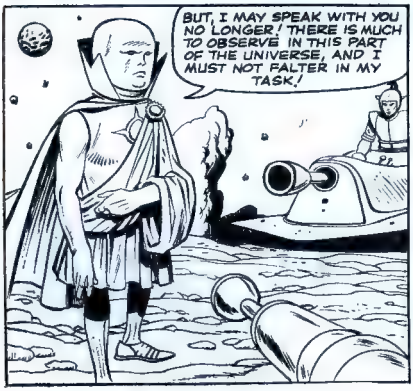
THE ASTEROID IS IN SIGHT NOW, SIRE!
SO! ORDER OUR FLEET TO COMPLETELY ENCIRCLE IT!


SIRE! WAS IT WISE TO LAND AND THUS APPROACH HIM? HIS POWER IS SAID TO BE BEYOND COMPREHENSION!
PERHAPS WE SHOULD REMAIN IN SPACE, AND SHATTER THE ASTEROID WITH LONG DISTANCE ROCKETS??
SILENCE, YOU WHIMPERING FOOLS! NO POWER IN THE GALAXY CAN MATCH THAT OF MINE!

THERE HE STANDS NOW!
SOON WE SHALL HEAR HIM BEG FOR MERCY, AS ALL OTHERS HAVE BEFORE HIM!


I AM WARLORD WROGG! I HAVE COME TO--
NO NEED TO EXPLAIN! I KNOW YOUR MOTIVES! I HAVE OBSERVED YOU WELL--FOR I AM THE WATCHER!


YOU MEAN YOU WERE THE WATCHER! WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, THERE'LL BE NOTHING LEFT FOR YOU TO WATCH! HERE'S JUST A SAMPLE OF MY POWER!
SO! YOU HAVE LEARNED TO HARNESS THE ENERGY OF YOUR OWN BLOOD CELLS! A WORTHY ACHIEVEMENT!

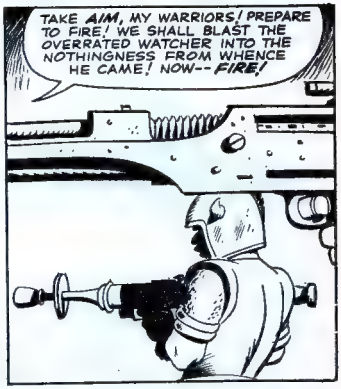

BUT, I MAY SPEAK WITH YOU NO LONGER! THERE IS MUCH TO OBSERVE IN THIS PART OF THE UNIVERSE, AND I MUST NOT FALTER IN MY TASK!

MAYBE YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, WATCHER! I'M ABOUT TO DESTROY YOU! THIS IS YOUR FINISH! YOU'VE ONLY TIME LEFT TO BEG FOR MERCY--
--NOT THAT IT WILL DO YOU ANY GOOD!

YOUR MILITARY MIGHT IS AWE-SOME TO BEHOLD, WARLORD WROGG! AND YOUR LEGIONS ARE AS NUMEROUS AS THE STARS IN THE HEAVENS!
AHHHH! THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!

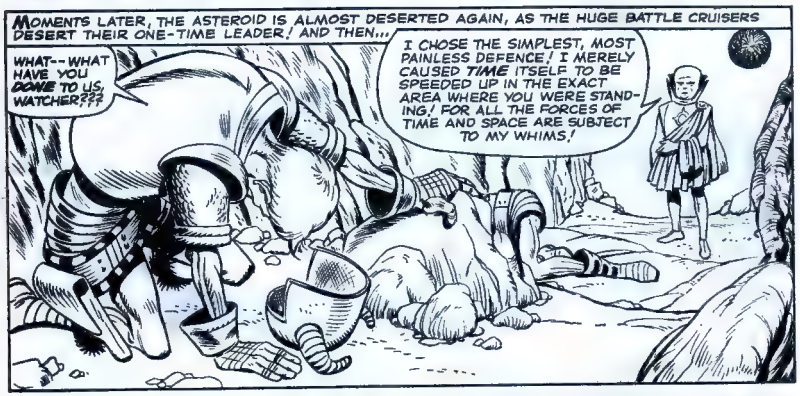
I THOUGHT YOU'D SOON START BEGGING! I KNEW YOU WEREN'T AS MIGHTY AS THE LEGENDS CLAIM!
YOU ARE WRONG, WARLORD! THE WATCHER DOES NOT BEG! I WAS ABOUT TO SAY THAT ALL OF YOUR POWER IS AS NOTHING TO ME!

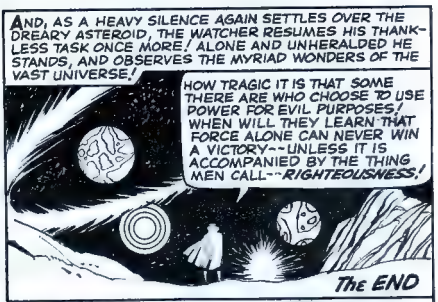
YOU LIE! AND HERE AND NOW I SHALL DRIVE THAT LIE BACK INTO YOUR THROAT!


TAKE AIM, MY WARRIORS! PREPARE TO FIRE! WE SHALL BLAST THE OVERRATED WATCHER INTO THE NOTHINGNESS FROM WHENCE HE CAME! NOW-- FIRE!

BUT, BEFORE A MOVE CAN BE MADE, A STRANGE HUMMING SOUND IS HEARD... AND THE WARRIORS OF WARLORD WROGG FREEZE INTO SHOCKED IMMOBILITY!

AS FOR THE WATCHER, HE BETRAYS NO EMOTION--NO SENSE OF PANIC--NAUGHT SAVE THE SLIGHT FURROWING OF HIS BROW, AS HE SAYS IN DEEP SOMBER TONES...
MY POWERS ARE SO VAST, SO CATACLYSMIC, AS TO BE VIRTUALLY INDESCRIBABLE! SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT I HAVE CHOSEN TO USE A FRACTION OF MY POWER, IN MY OWN DEFENCE!





The END

EDITOR'S NOTE: AND SO WE BRING THIS SERIES TO A CLOSE FOR NOW! STARTING NEXT ISSUE, TALES OF THE WATCHER WILL BE REPLACED IN TERRIFIC BY--HOLD ONTO YOUR HATS--EVEN LONGER AVENGER EPISODES! WE THINK THAT NOW, IN THE HOUR OF CRISIS, YOU SHOULD SPEND MORE TIME WITH THAT TEAM!!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

WORK BEING WHAT IT IS (perpetual) BIG BOLD BART's been looking distinctly worried the past few days. Because here was everything ticking over smoothly when BEAMIN' BOBBIE (Roberta to some) STRONG, secretary and marathon typist, announces that SHE'S GETTING MARRIED ! Now none of us garreteers are exactly *against* this sort of thing. After all, well, it's natural, isn't it ? But there is this business of the work piling up on Bart's desk, just begging to be typed and dictated about. True blue Powerhouser that she is, Bobbie agreed to carry on garreteering *after* she became a Mrs. But there was still this business about the actual WEDDING. As Bart put it, weddings are fine but they do take time, don't they ? And time is something no-one up here has got enough of. Always bouncy with initiative Bart came up with the bright idea of holding the ceremony in the garret. Right by Bobbie's desk, in fact. Seems he had the idea that Bobbie could still keep on typing with her right hand . . . while holding out her *left hand* for the wedding ring to be slipped on at the appropriate time ! And it would mean the minister would need to talk a LITTLE louder to be heard above the clatter of her typewriter. And as soon as the whole show had been sealed with a loving kiss . . . well, Bobbie would already be right there, wouldn't she ? At her desk ALL SET TO CARRY ON POWERHOUSING ! But for some reason Bobbie wasn't so keen on this brilliant brainwave. Nor, to Bart's puzzlement, was the groom. So Bart will just have to get along on his own for a spell while his girl Friday is away on honeymoon. Poor guy. Maybe he could be called too dedicated, or something. Cos' he still doesn't see what was wrong with his idea, anyway !

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

Raymond Toal, Monaghan, Eire. Christopher Swift, Bradford 6. Tommy George, Dunoon, Scotland. N. R. Milland, Taunton, Somerset. Peter Juul, Brentwood, Essex. Roland Adair, Co. Down, N. Ireland. J. A. McCaw, Newport, Mon. David Baker, Fareham, Hants. A. Reevell, Stockton-on-Tees, Co. Durham. Ian Wilkinson, Burnley, Lancs. James Marren, Keighley, Yorks. James Forsyth, Oldham, Lancs. Brian Alsopp, Belfast, Northern Ireland. Thomas Gallagher, Greenock, Scotland. Paul Tuory, Galway, Ireland. Graeme Moses, Billingham, Co. Durham. Christopher Rossi, Gorebridge, Middx. Honor Shaw, Nr. Oldham, Lancs. Michael Quinn, Waterloo, Liverpool 22. Peter Hill, Plymouth.

HERE'S BLOCK-BUSTER NEWS for many of you super-villain *fans ! Especially those who, after reading the Marvel books, have been bombardin' us with pleas as to WHEN, WHEN, WHEN are we going to feature THE SCORPION. Well, now we HAVE ! He co-stars with SPIDER-MAN in this week's POW, in a tale called (and we bet you don't guess it)* The Coming of The Scorpion. *Stronger than even Spider, and just about as evil as they come, The Scorpion is going to win a whole bunch of new fans . . . you too, we bet . . . provided you slip over right now and buy this week's POW, while it's still available. And in today's TERRIFIC there's a MUST tale for every follower of DOCTOR STRANGE. Have you been wondering how THE ANCIENT ONE (who gave the Doc his great powers) came about his powers? Well, the answer's unfolding for you, right now, in "The Origin of the Ancient One" . . . in today's TERRIFIC. So chocks away . . . AND TAKE OFF !*

TEN STAR ANNUALS For a RIP-ROARING CHRISTMAS

Phantom Annual 10 6
Flash Gordon Annual 10/6
The Saint Annual 10/6
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Tarzan Annual 10 6
All Stars Football Book 10/6
The Man from U.N.C.L.E. Annual 10 6
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Space Family Robinson Annual 10 6

Marvel Storybook Annual 10,6
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Doctor Strange
The Fantastic Four

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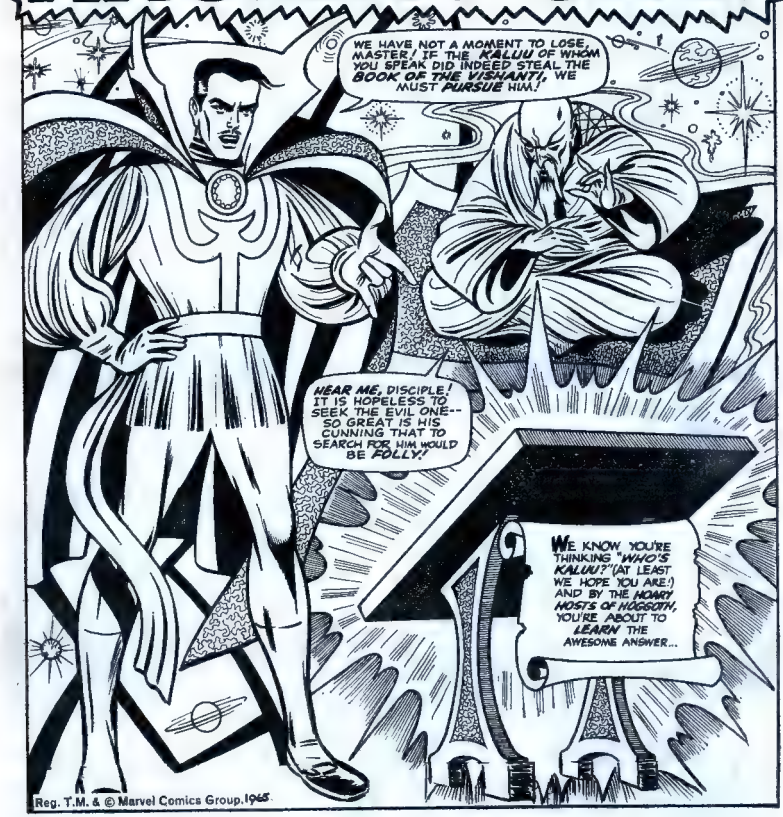
Dr. STRANGE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!

"The ORIGIN OF THE ANCIENT ONE!"



Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1965

THERE IS AN AURA IN THE ATMOSPHERE AROUND THE LECTERN THAT HELD THE BOOK OF THE VISHANTI -- A FEELING OF GREAT STRENGTH TWISTED INTO AN INSTRUMENT OF EVIL!
I SHALL CAUSE AN ECTOPLASMIC IMAGE OF KALUU TO MATERIALIZE! FOR I WOULD LOOK UPON THE FACE OF ONE SO BRAZEN...
"BUT...BY THE SEVEN RINGS OF RAGGADOR, SOME MYSTIC FORCE IS BLURRING THE IMAGE! ONLY ONE POSSESSING GREAT POWER COULD THUS INTERFERE WITH MY SPELL! ALREADY KALUU'S FORM FADES INTO NOTHINGNESS..."
"AND, IN ITS PLACE, I BEHOLD EVIL SHAPES--MENACING SPIRITS! IF THESE ARE KALUU'S SERVANTS, HE WILL BE PUNISHED FOR WHATEVER DARK DEEDS HE HAS COMMITTED! I, DR. STRANGE, VOW IT!"
ENOUGH! YOUR BABBLING IS THAT OF A CALLOW SCHOOLBOY DISCIPLE! SUCH TALK IS NOT WORTHY OF MY MOST ACCOMPLISHED FOLLOWER!
YOU SPEAK LIGHTLY OF DEFEATING ONE WHOSE MAGICAL PROWESS IS FAR SUPERIOR TO YOUR OWN--ONE WHOSE WILL IS INDOMITABLE!
FOR THOUGH THE BODY OF KALUU BE MORTAL THROUGH SHEER WILL-POWER HE HAS MADE HIS SPIRIT MORE THAN HUMAN!
FORGIVE ME, WISE ONE, IF I HAVE OFFENDED YOU! YET, I DO NOT UNDERSTAND... HOW CAN ANY MORTAL MAN PRESENT SO GREAT A THREAT!
WHY DO YOU, THE SUPREME MASTER OF ENCHANTMENT, SEEM TO FEAR HIM SO?
TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, I MUST SPEAK OF EVENTS WHICH HAPPENED MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO...
...EVENTS WHICH TOOK PLACE IN KAMAR-TAJ, A HIDDEN LAND HIGH IN THE HIMALAYAS!
IT WAS POPULATED BY A RACE OF PEOPLE WHO, THOUGH NOT OUTWARDLY ADVANCED, HAD DEVELOPED THE ARTS OF JOYOUS LIVING TO A DEGREE UNDREAMED OF BY MORE COMPLEX CIVILIZATIONS! IT WAS THE BIRTHPLACE OF BOTH KALUU AND MYSELF...

"WE GREW TO MANHOOD THERE, AMONG GENTLE FOLK WHO KNEW NOT THE MEANING OF WAR, WHOSE LIVES WERE AS FREE AND BRIGHT AS THE LAUGHTER OF OUR CHILDREN... THEY TILLED THE EARTH, AND TOOK THEIR PLEASURE IN THE ETERNAL PAGEANTRY OF NATURE..."

"YET, KALUU AND I DID NOT CHOOSE TO LIVE AS OUR BROTHERS! TOGETHER, WE PLUMBED THE SECRETS OF THE SUPERNATURAL... AND TOGETHER WE DISCOVERED THE MEANS OF HARNESSING MYSTIC ENERGIES FOR OUR OWN USE..."

WE STAND ON THE THRESHHOLD OF *ULTIMATE POWER!* WITH THE SPELLS WE HAVE RECORDED ON THESE PARCHMENTS, THERE WOULD *BE NOTHING* WE COULD *NOT* ACCOMPLISH!

AYE, KALUU! OUR PEOPLE WILL REAP MANY *BENEFITS* FROM WHAT WE HAVE DONE!

BENEFITS! VERILY, YOUR MIND IS STILL *SMALL!* OUR TINY LAND SHALL SOME DAY BE THE CENTER OF A *VAST EMPIRE!*

WE SHALL CONFER MORE THAN *BENEFITS!* WE SHALL GIVE OUR PEOPLE-- *SUPREMACY!*

YES! THINK OF IT--WE SHALL FREE MEN OF THE TYRANNY OF *SICKNESS* AND *STRIFE!* BUT, ALWAYS WE MUST REMEMBER THAT THERE ARE LAWS WE *DARE NOT* VIOLATE!

BAH! YOU SPEAK AS AN *OLD WOMAN...*

EVEN NOW YOU DO NOT REALIZE THE EXTENT OF OUR *ACHIEVEMENT!*

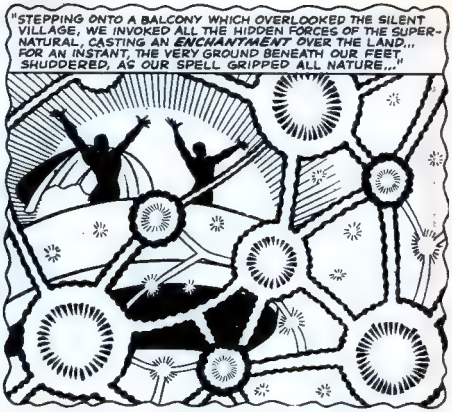
YOUR THOUGHTS ARE ONLY OF *CHARITY*--- WHILE MINE ARE OF *DOMINATION!*

YOUR GLOOMY VISAGE *WEARIES* ME! OUTSIDE, IN THE SQUARE, I HEAR THE SOUNDS OF *REVELRY!* IT IS MY PLEASURE TO *JOIN* THE MERRYMAKERS!

PERHAPS HE SPEAKS *TRUTH* WHEN HE CALLS ME AN OLD WOMAN! YET, I FEEL WE SHOULD EXERCISE OUR POWERS WITH *CAUTION!* I ONLY HOPE I CAN *RESTRAIN* KALUU IF HE DECIDES TO DO SOMETHING *UNWISE!*

ALWAYS, I HAVE DISTRUSTED KALUU'S LUST FOR *POWER!* NOW I FEAR HIS AMBITION WILL BLIND HIM TO THE *PERILS* OF TAMPERING WITH THE MYSTIC REALM!

"BUT, WHILE I REMAINED ENGROSSED IN MY ARCANE STUDIES, KALUU USED HIS KNOWLEDGE OF *PSYCHIC HYPNOSIS* TO SLOWLY GAIN CONTROL OVER THE MINDS OF THE PEOPLE!"



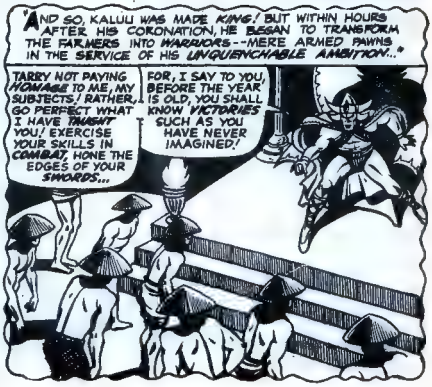
"THEN, IT SEEMED THE SUN ITSELF SHONE MORE BRIGHTLY, AND THE AIR WAS SWEET IN OUR NOSTRILS! DISEASE, POVERTY AND PAIN VANISHED AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE LONG HISTORY OF MANKIND, HUMAN BEINGS WERE FREE TO EXIST IN PERFECT HAPPINESS! INTOXICATED WITH OUR SUCCESS, KALUU AND I WALKED THROUGH THE VILLAGE..."

SOON, THE PEOPLE WILL CHOOSE A RULER! THOUGH YOU HAVE BEEN A FAITHFUL COMPANION, I INSIST THAT YOU REFUSE THE THRONE! FOR, ONLY I, KALUU, HAVE THE COURAGE AND STRENGTH TO LEAD...

KALUU MUST RULE!

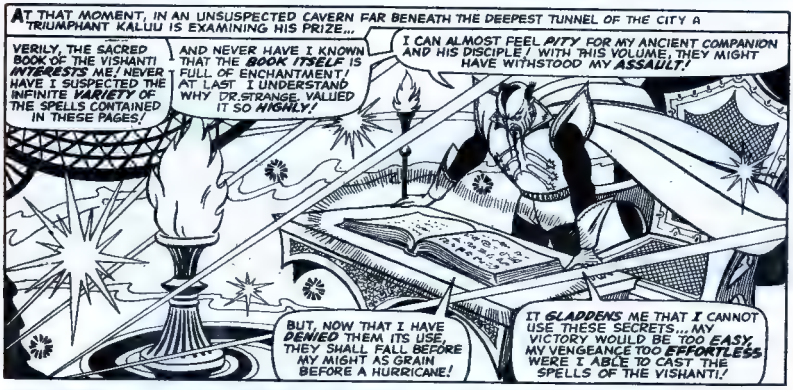
HE DOES NOT REALIZE THAT I KNOW WHAT HE HAS DONE--THAT HE HAS IMPLANTED WITHIN THE PEOPLE THE DESIRE TO CROWN HIM KING!

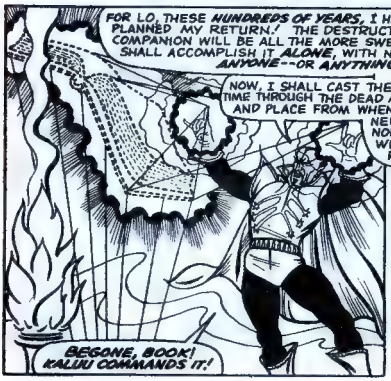
I SHALL GIVE HIM SWAY--BUT I WILL STAY NEAR HIM THAT I MAY OPPOSE HIS PLANS FOR CONQUEST!



I WAS UNABLE TO CONVINCE THE PEOPLE OF THEIR DANGER! AGAIN AND AGAIN I GAVE WARNINGS, BUT TO NO AVAIL! KALUU'S HYPNOTIC PROWESS HAD MADE THE PEOPLE'S EARS DEAF TO ANY VOICE BUT HIS!
YOUR STORY FASCINATES ME, MASTER! YET, I DO NOT SEE WHY KALUU IS TO BE FEARED! DO NOT WE, ALSO, POSSESS KNOWLEDGE OF THE OCCULT? WHY IS HIS MAGIC MORE POTENT THAN OURS?
IT IS BECAUSE, THESE MANY LONG CENTURIES, HE HAS EXISTED IN THE DIMENSION OF RAGGADOR-- WHERE THERE IS MAGIC FAR BEYOND THAT KNOWN TO OTHER MORTALS!

BUT HIS THEFT OF THE BOOK OF THE VISHANTI WAS FUTILE, FOR IT IS WRITTEN THAT THE BOOK MAY NEVER BE USED TO ATTACK, BUT ONLY IN DEFENCE!
KALUU MUST HAVE ALREADY DISCOVERED HIS FOLLY!


AT THAT MOMENT, IN AN UNSUSPECTED CAVERN FAR BENEATH THE DEEPEST TUNNEL OF THE CITY A TRIUMPHANT KALUU IS EXAMINING HIS PRIZE...
VERILY, THE SACRED BOOK OF THE VISHANTI INTERESTS ME! NEVER HAVE I SUSPECTED THE INFINITE VARIETY OF THE SPELLS CONTAINED IN THESE PAGES!
AND NEVER HAVE I KNOWN THAT THE BOOK ITSELF IS FULL OF ENCHANTMENT! AT LAST I UNDERSTAND WHY DR. STRANGE VALUED IT SO HIGHLY!
I CAN ALMOST FEEL PITY FOR MY ANCIENT COMPANION AND HIS DISCIPLE! WITH THIS VOLUME, THEY MIGHT HAVE WITHSTOOD MY ASSAULT!
BUT, NOW THAT I HAVE DENIED THEM ITS USE, THEY SHALL FALL BEFORE MY MIGHT AS GRAIN BEFORE A HURRICANE!
IT GLADDENS ME THAT I CANNOT USE THESE SECRETS... MY VICTORY WOULD BE TOO EASY, MY VENGEANCE TOO EFFORTLESS WERE I ABLE TO CAST THE SPELLS OF THE VISHANTI!


FOR LO, THESE HUNDREDS OF YEARS, I HAVE FED MY HATE, PLANNED MY RETURN! THE DESTRUCTION OF MY COMPANION WILL BE ALL THE MORE SWEET BECAUSE I SHALL ACCOMPLISH IT ALONE, WITH NO AID FROM ANYONE--OR ANYTHING!
NOW, I SHALL CAST THE BOOK BACK INTO TIME THROUGH THE DEAD AGES TO THE HOUR AND PLACE FROM WHENCE IT CAME! NEITHER DR. STRANGE NOR HIS MENTOR WILL BE ABLE TO RETRIEVE IT!
BEGONE, BOOK! KALUU COMMANDS IT!

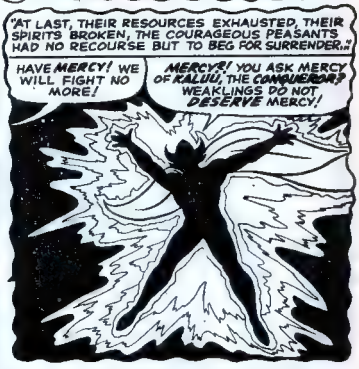
MY HOUR HAS COME! I SHALL RETURN TO THE PLACE IN WHICH DR. STRANGE DWELLS, THERE TO FULFILL MY REVENGE!

AND, AS THE MENACING STRANGER PREPARES HIS ATTACK, THE ANCIENT ONE CONTINUES HIS BIZARRE STORY...
OUR VILLAGE PROSPERED AS NO OTHERS EVER HAD! OUR PEOPLE WERE NEVER SICK--OUR FIELDS YIELDED PLENTIFULLY, OUR CATTLE MULTIPLIED BEYOND ALL EXPECTATION!
FOR MORE THAN A YEAR AFTER KALUU AND I CAST OUR SPELL...
"...WE HEARD NOT THE SOUND OF CRYING, NOR SAW ON THE VILLAGERS' FACES ANY EXPRESSION SAVE A GENTLE SMILE! THUS, EVEN FROM SUCH A REIGN OF EVIL, THERE CAME GOOD! BUT, AT WHAT PRICE -- THAT THE PEOPLE BECAME NO MORE THAN THE PUPPETS OF KALUU..."
"HIS WORD WAS NEVER QUESTIONED, AND HIS EVERY PRONOUNCEMENT WAS ACCEPTED AS TRUTH! ONLY I HAD BEGUN TO WORRY, FOR EVERY NIGHT I SAW KALUU CONJURE IN HIS CRYSTAL THE IMAGE OF THE SETTLEMENT AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN..."
OUR NEIGHBOURS PROSPER! THEIR BARNS ARE FULL! IF WE COULD BUT CONQUER THEM, MY OWN PEOPLE COULD DEVOTE ALL THEIR SKILLS TO THE PRACTICE OF WARFARE!
THE CRYSTAL SHOWS ME THAT OUR NEIGHBOURS HAVE NO ARMY...NO WEAPONS! AND THE CRYSTAL CANNOT BUT SHOW THE TRUTH!
MY EASE BECOMES BORING! I CRAVE EXCITEMENT! ON THE MORROW, I SHALL TELL MY SUBJECTS OF MY PLAN!
ERE WE SEE ANOTHER WINTER, KALUU WILL BE A NAME TO MAKE ALL WHO WALK THE EARTH TREMBLE!
"AND SO, ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE, KALUU ADDRESSED THE VILLAGE..."
KNOW YOU, MEN OF KAMAR-TAJ, THAT WE ARE THE MOST POWERFUL PEOPLE IN THE WORLD! IT IS OUR DESTINY TO HOLD SWAY OVER ALL OTHERS!
A LEAGUE AWAY, THERE LIVES A RACE OF WEAKLINGS! FOOLS AND COWARDS ARE THEY--BUT THEY HAVE WHEAT AND RICE ENOUGH TO FILL OUR PANTRIES!
WHY SHOULD YOU, MEN OF KAMAR-TAJ, TOIL BENEATH THE SUMMER SUN, WHEN WE HAVE STRENGTH ENOUGH AND MORE TO TAKE WHAT WE NEED?
I SAY, LET US ATTACK! WITH THE MYSTIC SPELLS I SHALL CAST UPON OUR WEAPONS, WE SHALL BE INVINCIBLE!
NO!! THIS IS MADNESS YOU SPEAK!

THE ENCHANTMENT WE CAST--THE ENCHANTMENT WHICH HAS ERASED POVERTY AND PAIN FROM OUR LIVES--WILL VANISH IF WE MAKE WAR! WE SHALL BE PLUNGED INTO THE MOST TERRIBLE MOONIES IF WE ACT UPON YOUR INSANE SCHEME!
YOU ALWAYS WERE A COWARD, MY SNIVELLING FRIEND! BACK TO YOUR STUDY--DUSTY BOOKS ARE THE ONLY FIT COMPANIONS FOR ONE SUCH AS YOURSELF!
KALUU, I PLEAD WITH YOU! ALTER YOUR PLANS BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!
I GROW WEARY OF YOUR PERPETUAL WHINING! AWAY FROM MY SIGHT! LEAVE THE AFFAIRS OF STATE TO KALUU!
WHILE BREATH REMAINS IN MY BODY, I WILL OPPOSE YOU, KALUU!
SO BE IT! THEN I SHALL DEPRIVE YOUR BODY OF BREATH!
GUARDS! SEIZE HIM!
AYE, MASTER!
"THOUGH I DESPISED VIOLENCE WITH ALL MY HEART, I TURNED AND CAST A SPELL UPON KALUU'S SOLDIERS, FREEZING THEM WHERE THEY STOOD..."
YOU WILL BE IMMOBOLIZED FOR A DAY! AND, WHEN THE SPELL IS GONE, YOU WILL SEE THE EVIL YOUR MASTER PROPOSES.' BY THE SPIRITS OF SKY AND EARTH DO I COMMAND IT!
NOW, I MUST TREAT KALUU IN SIMILAR MANNER!
FOOL! YOUR MAGIC IS AS WEAK AS YOUR WILL!
I SHALL NOT KILL YOU! FOR, I SHALL ENJOY HAVING YOU AS MY PERSONAL SLAVE WHEN OUR CONQUEST IS FINISHED!
UNTIL THEN, YOU SHALL REMAIN FIXED WHERE YOU STANC HELPLESS AS A STATUE! YOU SHALL WATCH WITH MOTIONLESS EYES AS I PREPARE MY ARMY!
WHILE MY BACK WAS TURNED, KALUU STRUCK! IT WAS FOLLY TO THINK HE WOULD FIGHT WITH HONOUR!
HEAR ME, WARRIORS OF KAMARTAJ! WHEN THE SUN RISES NEXT, WE SHALL BEGIN OUR MARCH! TODAY, WE PREPARE! TOMORROW, WE STRIKE!
KALUU!
KALUU!
KALUU!
"SO, THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, THE VILLAGERS PREPARED FOR WAR! EYES BLANK, THEY PASSED BEFORE KALUU, HOLDING THEIR SWORDS BEFORE HIM, AND ON EACH SWORD HE CAST A SPELL OF INVINCIBILITY. WHEN DAWN CAME, THE PEACEFUL FARMERS HAD BECOME MINDLESS SAVAGES!"

THEN, KALUU ORDERED MY STILL-HELPLESS BODY PUT INTO A CART. AGAINST MY WILL, I WAS TAKEN WITH THE ARMY TO THE NEIGHBOURING VILLAGE. THERE TO WITNESS HIS INFAMY! LED BY THE POWER-MAD SORCERER, THE WARRIORS ATTACKED WITHOUT MERCY!"
"WITH ENCHANTED WEAPONS, COVERED BY A MYSTIC SHIELD, THEY LAID WASTE ALL THEY SAW..."

"THOUGH THE VICTIMS RESISTED BRAVELY WITH STONES AND STICKS, THEIR EFFORTS WERE AS NOTHING! TO YET FURTHER SLAKE HIS THIRST FOR DESTRUCTION, KALUU ORDERED THE VILLAGE BURNED...THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH SMOKE, AND ABOVE THE NOISE OF BATTLE, I COULD HEAR THE SHRILL VOICE OF KALUU..."
ONWARD, MEN OF KAMAR-TAJ! LEAVE NOT ONE NUT UNTOUCHED!

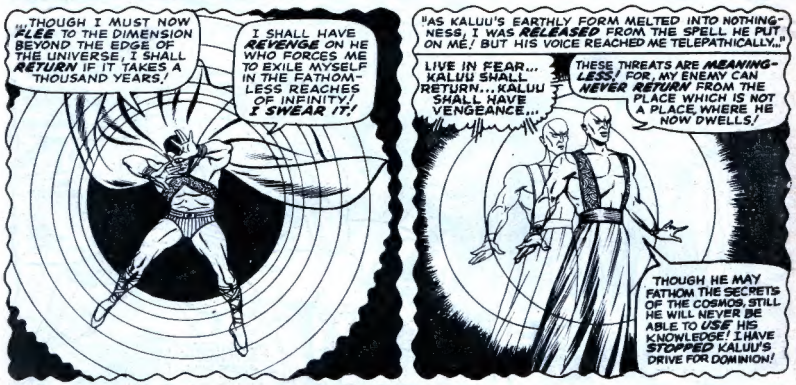

"AT LAST, THEIR RESOURCES EXHAUSTED, THEIR SPIRITS BROKEN, THE COURAGEOUS PEASANTS HAD NO RECOURSE BUT TO BEG FOR SURRENDER..."
HAVE MERCY! WE WILL FIGHT NO MORE!
MERCY? YOU ASK MERCY OF KALUU, THE CONQUEROR? WEAKLINGS DO NOT DESERVE MERCY!

"AFTER THE LAST SOUND OF BATTLE HAD DIED, KALUU'S WARRIORS FORCED THE MEN OF THE RUINED VILLAGE TO LOAD OUR CARTS WITH THEIR OWN GOODS, THE GOODS THEY HAD WRUNG FROM NATURE WITH ENDLESS TOIL..."
LO, OUR CAPTIVES HAVE WORKED THROUGH THE HEAT OF THE AFTERNOON, MASTER! IS IT NOT TIME TO PERMIT THEM REST?
NO! THEIR LABOUR WILL NOT CEASE UNTIL THE TASK IS FINISHED!
DO NOT THINK OF THEM AS MEN! THEY ARE BUT OUR SLAVES!

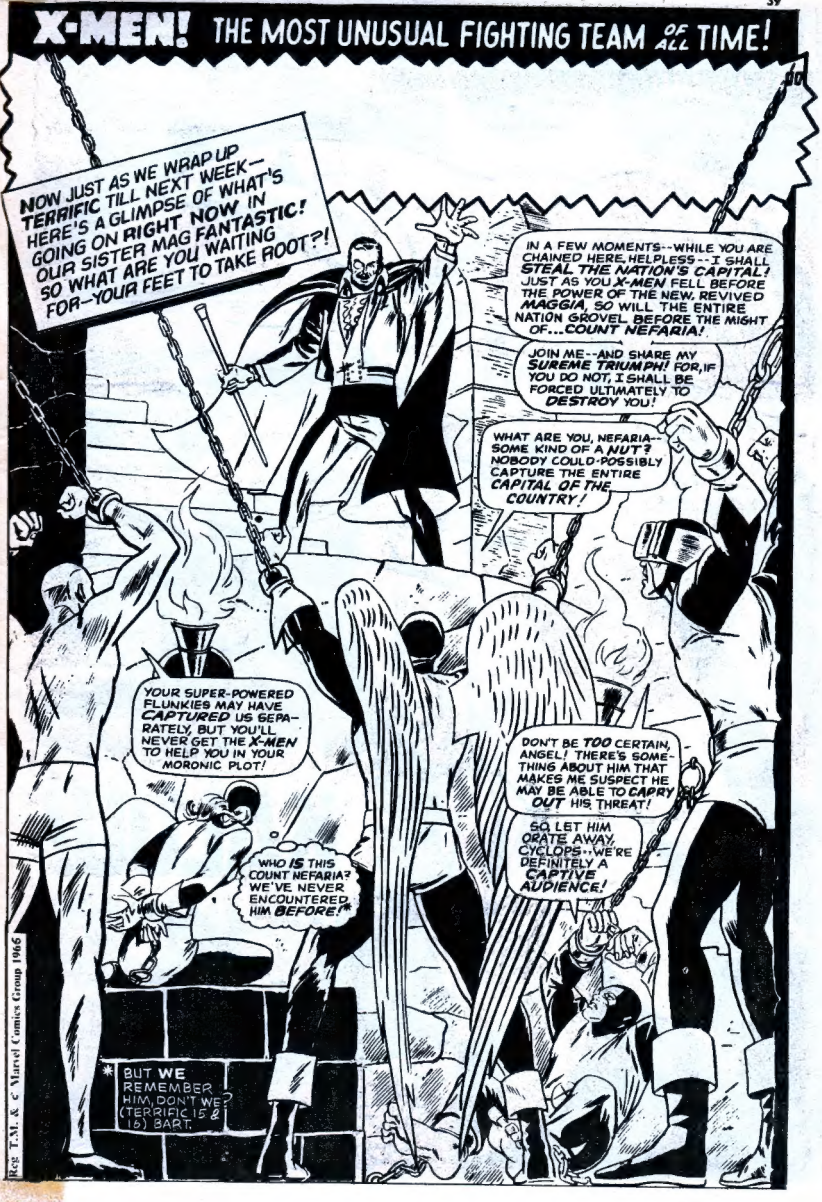
"WHEN, THE LONG SHADOWS OF EVENING CROSSED THE RAVAGED LAND, KALUU SAT UPON HIS THRONE AND GLOATED..."
ONE VILLAGE HAS FALLEN BEFORE US! BUT THERE ARE OTHERS -- WEALTHIER, MORE RIPE FOR CONQUEST! AND BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS, I HAVE HEARD OF GREAT CITIES! THESE, TOO, SHALL FEEL THE POWER OF KALUU!
MINE IS A NAME MEN WILL REMEMBER FOR ALL TIME! FOR I AM KALUU, THE INVINCIBLE!

"KALUU'S WARRIORS, NOW AS POWER CRAZED AS THEIR LEADER, FORCED THE CAPTIVES TO RETURN WITH US TO KAMARTAJ, WHERE THEY WERE MADE TO DO LABOURS FIT ONLY FOR BEASTS.' AS THE DAYS PASSED, THE LIGHT OF HUMANITY DIED IN THEIR EYES..."
"...BUT THE EFFECT OF KALUU'S REGIME UPON OUR OWN PEOPLE WAS WORSE YET, FOR DEPRIVED OF THE DIGNITY OF HONEST LABOUR THEY SANK INTO A STATE WORSE THAN THAT OF BEASTS --THEIR LAUGHTER BECAME AS THE GRUNTING OF SWINE, AND THEIR THOUGHTS WERE ONLY OF THEIR COMFORTS!"
"KALUU KEPT ME FROZEN IN HIS SPELL, DISPLAYED IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE FOR ALL TO TAUNT! BUT, THOUGH MY BODY WAS HELPLESS, STILL I COULD CALL UPON THE MYSTIC FORCES WHICH MY CAPTOR HAD FLAUNTED..."
IN THE VERY AIR, I SENSE IMPENDING DOOM! I HAVE UPSET THE COSMIC FORCES...
AND THE IRONY OF IT ALL IS, THAT I SHALL SURVIVE BECAUSE OF KALUU'S OWN SPELL!
"ALL THE WHILE, KALUU SAVOURED HIS CONQUEST, AND PLOTTED FURTHER INFAMY..."
GOLD! FINE SILKS! THESE THINGS DOES KALUU CRAVE IN MY CRYSTAL, I SAW THE IMAGE OF A FINE CITY NOT FAR DISTANT!
ERE A FORTNIGHT HAS PASSED, THE CITY WILL BE OURS! OUR CAPTIVES WILL CARRY US THERE -- ON THEIR BACKS!
BUT, MASTER, SURELY THEY WILL PERISH ON THE JOURNEY!
NO MATTER! SOON NEW SLAVES WILL SERVE US!
"SUDDENLY, A SERVING GIRL WAS STRUCK TO THE GROUND BY SOME UNSEEN FORCE!"
WHAT IS IT, MISHA? WHY DO YOU CRY OUT!
YOOOOOOOO!
PHYSICIANS! SEE TO HER! FIND THE CAUSE OF HER ILLNESS!
SHE IS BEYOND THE MINISTRATIONS OF ANY MAN, MASTER!
I HAVE NEVER BEHELD THESE THINGS BEFORE! IT IS AS THOUGH HER BODY NEVER HELD LIFE!
WHEN I CALLED DOWN THE MYSTIC POWERS UPON KALUU, I DID NOT REALIZE THAT THE VILLAGERS WOULD BE AFFECTED..."

"PESTILENCE AND DISEASE SWEPT OVER THE LAND, AND THOSE FEW WHO ESCAPED SICKNESS SPENT THE LONG SUMMER NIGHTS MAKING CRIES OF MOURNING...A WEEK PASSED, THEN ANOTHER. FINALLY, THE CURTAIN OF DEATH LIFTED, LEAVING THE VILLAGE RAVAGED AND HOLLOW."
"SUCH WAS HIS MYSTIC POWER THAT KALUU THE CUNNING, THE EVIL KALUU, DID NOT PERISH WITH HIS WARRIORS."
MY PLANS FOR DOMINATION HAVE CRUMBLED. WITHOUT AN ARMY, NOT EVEN KALUU CAN PLUNDER THE GREAT CITIES.
THIS PLAGUE --IT MUST BE THE WORK OF MY FORMER COMPANION. I KNOW NOT HOW HE PENETRATED THE SPELL I CAST UPON HIM, BUT THIS I DO KNOW...


...THOUGH I MUST NOW FLEE TO THE DIMENSION BEYOND THE EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE, I SHALL RETURN IF IT TAKES A THOUSAND YEARS.
I SHALL HAVE REVENGE ON HE WHO FORCES ME TO EXILE MYSELF IN THE FATHOMLESS REACHES OF INFINITY. I SWEAR IT.
"AS KALUU'S EARTHLY FORM MELTED INTO NOTHINGNESS, I WAS RELEASED FROM THE SPELL HE PUT ON ME. BUT HIS VOICE REACHED ME TELEPATHICALLY..."
LIVE IN FEAR... KALUU SHALL RETURN...KALUU SHALL HAVE VENGEANCE...
THESE THREATS ARE MEANINGLESS. FOR, MY ENEMY CAN NEVER RETURN FROM THE PLACE WHICH IS NOT A PLACE, WHERE HE NOW DWELLS.
THOUGH HE MAY FATHOM THE SECRETS OF THE COSMOS, STILL HE WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO USE HIS KNOWLEDGE! I HAVE STOPPED KALUU'S DRIVE FOR DOMINION!

"VOWING TO COMBAT EVIL MAGIC WHEREVER IT MIGHT BE, I LEFT KAMAR-TAJ. BECAUSE I HAD BEEN UNDER KALUU'S SPELL, THE COSMIC FORCES WHICH BEREFT THE OTHERS OF ETERNAL LIFE ONLY PARTIALLY AFFECTED ME--I I THOUGHT MYSELF SAFE."
THERE IS NO MORE I CAN DO FOR THE SUFFERING PEOPLE OF KAMAR-TAJ! BUT ELSEWHERE IN THE WORLD, OTHERS MAY NEED MY AID!
"BUT, WHEN DORMAMMU CLASHED WITH ETERNITY, THE BARRIERS WHICH HAD HELD KALUU BEYOND MORTAL KEN WERE SHATTERED. HE HAS RETURNED TO FULFILL HIS ANCIENT VOW."
TRULY, VENERATED ONE, I SEE WHY KALUU IS SO GREAT A MENACE.
WHERE IS HE? WHAT CAN WE DO TO COMBAT HIM?
I SENSE THAT HE IS APPROACHING--PREPARING TO ATTACK.
NEXT WEEK, ANOTHER EXCURSION INTO THE MYSTIC REALM--DARINGLY, DYNAMICALLY, DRAMATICALLY DIFFERENT. IT'S SURE TO BE ONE OF THE MOST TALKED-ABOUT STORIES EVER PRINTED IN A COMIC MAG.



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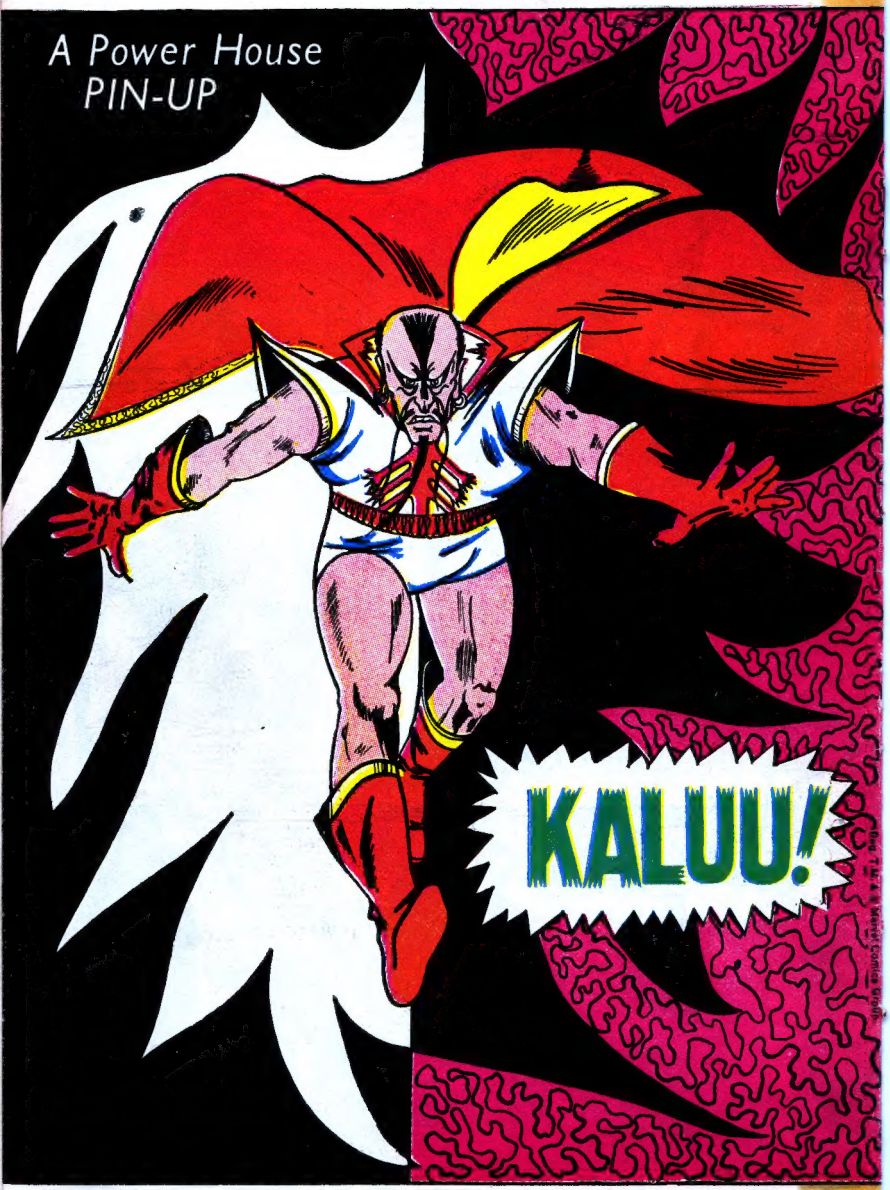
A Power House
PIN-UP
KALUU!